To Bacchus dear Bacchus.

A Favourite Drinking Soug.

I.

TO Bacchus, dear Bacchus, an altar I'll raiſe,
And, full of his pleaſures, grow wild in his praiſe;
Approach, thirſty topers, no ills ſhall annoy,
But wine flow in plenty, and plenty of joy;
We'll drain the bowl empty, and drink away care,
We'll drink the bowl empty, &c.
If endleſs ſuch pleaſure, how happy it were!

II.

And Venus, bright goddeſs, the incenſe ſhall ſhare,
And numbers be quaff'd to the health of each fair;
In love's happy triumph each beauty ſhall ſhine,
And heighten the joys with the juice of the vine;
We'll drink and we'll love, and we'll drink away care,
We'll drink, &c.